

The Critic

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The New York Sunday Press.

THE Sunday newspaper as we find it in New York and in other large cities of the United States is essentially an American institution. It is a new departure from the habits of other English-speaking countries, for neither in Great Britain nor in any of her colonies do the leading journals publish Sunday editions—nor even in British India, where most of the readers would be non-Christian. It is true that London possesses a few Sunday newspapers, but they have but a doubtful reputation, and they are not, as in this country, weekly editions of the leading daily papers. But upon my arrival from England I found the coffee-room of my hotel bristling with Sunday editions of your six leading New York morning papers, and I have since discovered that these Sunday newspapers find a ready entrance into most of the respectable families of the city and are widely read by young and old. They may be eschewed by the strict Puritans, the prominent members of the Young Men's Christian Association, and our spiritual masters and teachers, but they are beyond all doubt read by the great body of citizens. The Sunday newspaper is a most potent factor in the intellectual and moral life of the people. It is, in fact, almost the only literature read by the over-worked and tired-out dressmaker, the artisan and the day-laborer. I have taken the most laborious and painstaking means of ascertaining to what extent the Sunday newspaper is read, and I find that not only the Wall Street operator in his well-furnished mansion, and the wealthy dames of Fifth Avenue, but all classes of New York society 'enjoy immensely our well-edited and lively' Sunday newspapers. Dr. Howard Crosby and the Elders of the Fourth Avenue Presbyterian Church have lately issued a pastoral letter in which they call upon their people 'to stamp the Sunday newspaper with an earnest and practical condemnation.' Now I have no Utopian conception of Sunday observance, or even of Sunday literature, nor do I expect that the Sunday press of New York can be brought to harmonize with the precise requirements of the Fourth Avenue Church. But considering the amazing influence either for good or evil of this class of literature, and the fact that it is being produced and disseminated by what we call in England 'the fourth estate of the realm,' that is, by the leaders of the press, it is surely as much a public question requiring the attention of all thoughtful men and good citizens as Civil Service Reform or the Presidential succession. Is this enormous intellectual and moral force likely to make our sons grow into good citizens and our daughters into faithful wives?

It was with a view to considering the subject in a liberal spirit that on Nov. 15th I expended some twenty cents, and possessed myself of the Sunday editions of the *Herald*, *Times*, *Tribune*, *Sun*, *Star* and *World*. Ninety-nine pages of small type, with a superfluity of multifarious information, proved somewhat tedious reading, but I read it all with more than ordinary care and attention. In doing so, I endeavored to take into consideration the fact that all people are not religious, and that all minds are not alike.

That newspapers, after all, are but commercial enterprises, and that a New York editor, immaculate though he be in his editorial chair of criticism, must cater for the public taste. I have taken all this and much more into consideration, and yet, after a careful perusal of these ninety-nine pages of Sunday literature, including several columns of advertisements of a class not usually admitted into respectable journals, I confess that, whilst I have studied the whole subject from a totally different platform than that of Dr. Howard Crosby, I have been in common honesty forced to almost the same conclusion as that eminent divine regarding the pernicious character of the New York Sunday newspapers. In considering the subject, you in the United States must remember that you pose as a preëminently religious and moral people. Your President inaugurates annually a Thanksgiving Day for public worship; you usually sanctify every public event with prayer; you swear solemnly in God's name at your Custom House as well as in your courts of justice; you run a crusade against Mormon polygamy; you shed your nation's best blood in the suppression of slavery; you gibbet with unsparing cruelty every national and social delinquent; you discuss with pharisaic righteousness the most minute details of the private life of your public men; and yet you allow, almost without a protest, your six leading New York journals, edited I presume by gentlemen of culture and refinement, to scatter broadcast every Sunday morning whole folios of literature which even in sinful London could only find a place in the columns of *The Police News* and *Town Talk*.

To begin with the New York *Herald* of the date already mentioned. From the fact that this world-renowned journal supplied me with eighty-nine advertisements of places of worship, and devoted a whole column to 'Religious Intelligence,' I naturally expected to find in its 'quintuple sheet' some profitable Sunday reading. But I was disappointed. It recorded seven horrible murders, a dreadful scandal in Paris, a public execution with horrible details, a mother's frantic death, and so on *ad nauseam*. Had I been seen at the breakfast table at Morley's, in London, reading the pages of *Town Talk*, I should have been ostracized by society, but at the Hoffmann House I sat opposite a respectably dressed matron, ready for church, with two charming daughters, enjoying the well-seasoned pages of the *Herald* without any sense of shame. Turning to its 'leaders' I found an article on 'More Sunday Freedom.' 'Good heavens!' I exclaimed, 'what next?' One of the young ladies, observing my discomfiture, handed me the *World*. 'That is much more lively!' she said.

The *World* was an ugly paper. A bewildering display of advertisements seemed to assure one that its mission was not as a public educator, but merely as an advertising medium. Its morals were even uglier than its print. Passing over its long list of most objectionable advertisements, I found page after page of this Sunday journal devoted to incidents which were simply lewd. There were twelve murders, two divorce cases, six suicides, four elopements, and a good deal about the 'seamy side of Paris'; and in order to give emphasis to this section of its Sunday literature it has a leading article on 'Woman's Woes,' in which, to quote its own words, it 'groups together the domestic infelicities recorded in yesterday's dailies.' In any other part of the civilized globe the Sunday *World* would be relegated to its true position in literature, but in New York it is found in every respectable hotel and is taken in and read by not a few of the best families of the city. Such papers are published in all countries, but they are regarded as belonging to the class of 'doubtful literature,' and occasionally come under the iron hand of the law. In New York they are an 'institution.'

Having heard that the *Sun* is edited by a well-known scholar, I took up this paper with the expectation of finding in it something both readable and instructive. And I was not disappointed. For although this edition of the *Sun*

was sadly disfigured by short reports of murders, suicides and thefts, it contained a considerable amount of good reading. But it was in this edition that great pains were taken to make a heroine of a poor young lady in Kansas—just the story, I admit, for the romantic young shopgirl, but at the same time the very thing to sap those foundations of morality which are the true and only basis of national and social prosperity. As I read the twelve pages of this exceedingly well-edited journal, I could not help wondering by what subtle process of deterioration the mind of a scholarly and cultured editor could be brought to acquiesce in such a condition of things.

'You will find the *Tribune* better; it sells for three cents, and aims at being respectable,' said a friend. But although there was an air of respectability about the *Sunday Tribune*, and it had in its twelve pages much instructive reading, its first page was disfigured by a divorce, a suicide and a murder. Its leading articles embraced 'A California Tragedy' and 'Bishop Forster on Mission Work,' showing an earnest desire on the editor's part to keep square with both worlds.

The *Star*, in its new series, is but a tyro in the history of journalism. Its Sunday issue has only eight pages, and it contains much good reading of an edifying character. But even the *Star*, untrained as it is in the ways of sin, could not refrain on November 5 from giving a column on its first page to 'A Young Wife's Mad Act,' embracing, as it did, an account of a suicide and a murder. The literary merit of the *Sunday Star* was quite equal to that of the *Sun*. But there were dark spots on both.

Of the six Sunday newspapers I was inclined to regard the *Times* as the least objectionable. A young girl was brutally murdered, and a Newport belle eloped, on the first page; but they were almost the only incidents of the kind in the issue, whilst there was a vast amount of useful and instructive information given in its well-filled sixteen pages of closely printed matter. I am told that the *Times* is an old-established journal with an assured and respectable constituency, and I take the fact that it published Dr. Crosby's protest on its front sheet as an evidence that it is not altogether bereft of a moral conscience regarding the duties of the press to its Sunday readers. But even the *Times* is not all that it might be as a Sunday monitor.

The present condition of the Sunday press is not simply a question for preachers and theologians. It ought to demand the serious and earnest attention of every moralist—of every true-hearted citizen, in fact. For be it remembered that we are not complaining of the existence of lewd prints or doubtful publications, sent forth week after week to meet the demands of the vicious, but in dealing with the Sunday press of New York we are considering whether the editors of the six leading public journals fully realize their high position as great public teachers, when they place in the hands of our sons and our daughters, our young men and our maidens, some ninety-nine pages of literature, for the most part recording the saddest details of the world's sorrows, sins and shame, instead of healthy and instructive reading for the masses on their day of well-earned rest.

A LONDONER.

Reviews

Mrs. Pfeiffer's "Flying Leaves." *

THIS title, giving as it does the impression of extremely brief notes scribbled and sent off at random, is a curious one for the exceedingly bulky volume in which every possible 'impression' has been elaborated to the utmost. America, as the 'West,' has much more than half of the attention. The most interesting and unique of the 'flying leaves' are those on the Mormon situation. This Mrs. Pfeiffer has approached with much calm good sense, and while she realizes the horror and deprecates the wickedness,

she has not reached the point of horror without calmly considering the possibility of the Mormons' point of view. She is willing to recognize that while such standards as theirs are infinitely to be deplored, only the city, state, or country which has never countenanced legalized prostitution in any form whatever, and only the individual who has been absolutely faithful to one wife in spirit as well as in law, can point the finger of scorn at men who at least support publicly and in honor their rival wives, and at women who recognize every duty of wifedom and motherhood while living in what is ignominy if they could only understand it so. It is entirely possible to leave Salt Lake City retaining every prejudice against its 'system'—nay, burning with increased desire to root it out,—while nevertheless having felt, as one glanced over the strange assembly of pitiable faces at the Tabernacle, that perhaps for just these people even Mormonism had been a rise in life. It is customary to say that, but for polygamy, Mormonism would be harmless. This is a fatal mistake. The polygamy, carefully introduced late into the religion, had its root, not in sensuality, but in the political ambition of men in search of power, aware that to concentrate families in this way meant so much authority centralized and sure.

Mrs. Pfeiffer has succeeded in giving us such interesting chapters on Salt Lake, that it is a disappointment to find much of the rest of the book the hopeless misconception of American manners and customs which we have learned to expect from English travellers, but which we had hoped she might escape. When she states, for instance, that in recalling Chicago she cannot bring to mind a single man or woman whose appearance denoted at once the gentleman or lady, one fears that she had preconceived theories of the city which she did not allow to be dispelled. Again, having heard of the incomparable scenery of the West, she is greatly disappointed not to discover some in the suburbs of Chicago. No one has ever claimed, we believe, that precisely the locality between Chicago and Burlington overflows with magnificent scenery. Again, Mrs. Pfeiffer had heard so much of the gallantry of American gentlemen while travelling that she cannot at all account for their lack of readiness in springing to carry her bundles. True, she acknowledges that she had a husband, but then there were more bundles than her husband could conveniently carry. She acknowledges again that the American gentlemen were very attentive to their own wives and daughters; but they were not attentive to *her*. Why Mr. Pfeiffer might not as reasonably have ceased his attentions to Mrs. Pfeiffer and run to the added assistance of the American ladies, as for the American husbands to leave their natural dependents and hasten to the increased aid of Mrs. Pfeiffer, she does not seem to consider. But she has certainly overlooked one undoubted difficulty in assisting an English person to whom one has not been introduced. It was once our fate to sit opposite an English 'party' on our way to Boston. A careless conductor having called 'Boston' when the train halted on the Back Bay, our English travellers had prepared to alight with all their packages, and were naturally disconcerted on being told they were not to get out there. Their bewilderment was so extreme and so justifiable, as they hovered on the brink of their drawing-room chairs, bristling with bundles, that we ventured to calm them. 'Madam, this is only a small station where people get off who are going to the South End; the main station is just beyond.' Every pore of the lady's being stiffened with astonishment that we had ventured to address her. We were not snubbed in words, for her air meant, 'I have been insulted, but I must remember to be lady-like;' so our well-meant courtesy was acknowledged by a faint lowering of the eyelids, which passes admirably for a bow, when you had rather not bow but are conscious that you ought to; while the lips were drawn in with the unmistakable significance, 'What ill-bred Americanism!' What would have happened if we had grasped one of the lady's bags to carry for her, we dare not

* Flying Leaves from East and West. By Emily Pfeiffer. New York: Scribner & Welford.

contemplate. Our compatriots who had the honor of traveling with Mrs. Pfeiffer were wise in their generation.

The Old Land and the New Book.*

THE third instalment of Dr. Wm. H. Thomson's literary division of his life-work is now before us from the press of Harper & Bros. Its sumptuous dress, both without and within, is worthy of the care with which its text has been completed. To forty-five years' life and study on the soil of Palestine, the author adds ample learning and the fruit of the latest topographical surveys and linguistic researches. Two elaborate indexes, one of topics and the other of texts, an analytical table of contents, and one hundred and forty-seven illustrations and maps complement the narrative and conversations. The quality of the wood-cutting is noticeably fine, and the lights and shades help to transport us in imagination into that Syrian sunlight which we 'fireside travellers' can enjoy only at home in midwinter. Of a work which has won its way into the position of a standard authority, if not of a classic, we can say but little in praise or blame. In reading this last volume, however, we have been impressed with the belief that geographical considerations will yet have much to do in settling critical questions of authorship and even chronology. The affluence of topographical references in both the early and later books of the Bible is simply amazing, when one considers the ancient state of the science. Further, we think that a thorough knowledge of the physical features of Palestine must help mightily to make one a good exegete, critic and illustrator of Scripture. A sure foundation of topographical knowledge laid in one's mind must save one many blunders, besides enabling a fair-minded preacher to estimate the value of dogmas and polemic use of texts. To such, and to Sunday-school teachers, Dr. Thomson's work is admirably suited. In addition to the illumination of the old story, the author pictures before us the actual land of to-day, with the people in it—Druse, Maronite, Greek-Catholic, Mohammedan, Israelite and Ismaelite,—all of whose prayers unite in the chorus concerning the Turk, the lord of the land—'Lord, how long!' Beyond all other books, the Bible has a home and environment, and beyond all other examples, its birth-land has given form and color to the language. One who has lived in Buddhist countries knows how metaphorical and full of imagery is religious, as compared with ordinary, language. Pulpit and market-place are antipodal in their idioms; but while the Buddhist lingo is largely monkish and scholastic, the spiritual dialect of the Christian is the transfiguration of an actual land and country. The mastery of the geography of Palestine ensures a clear idea of the costume and character of Bible-language. In this volume, completing the series, Dr. Thomson takes us beyond the Jordan, and to the north—Lebanon and Damascus. So far from this detracting from immediate advantage, it is important and timely. We are on patriarchal ground, and in the land first possessed by the Israelites. As current critical controversy rages around the Pentateuch, a study of this book forms part of the equipment of the student who does not pin his faith to the utterances of sensational pulpits, to fossilized orthodoxy, or to Sunday evening witticisms in the Academy of Music. For this study the two excellent maps afford help of the right sort.

Col. Higginson's Larger History.†

THE success of Col. Higginson's 'Young Folks' History of the United States' has led him to undertake the same work again, on a different plan and on a somewhat more extended scale. Those who read his chapters as they first appeared in *Harper's Magazine* will be glad to see them in the present delightful form, and with the many illustrations

reproduced. In some respects the author has set for himself a narrower limit in the present work than in the earlier one, and he gives us fewer details of wars and changes of government. His aim here has been to trace out the development of the country, in all its forms of social, intellectual, moral and political growth. His narrative is picturesque and literary in form, made interesting by anecdotes and familiar glimpses at the daily life of the people, and concerned mainly with the larger relations and changes wrought out by the growth of the country. A rapid and a comprehensive survey is all he has undertaken to give us; but this he presents in such a manner as to give new meaning to the history of our country. Those who have followed the details of the larger histories will find this one most helpful in the way of gathering up the whole into a general impression. Not the less helpful will it prove as a means of paving the way to a more detailed study of the subject in special works. The book also has great value in being thoroughly interesting. The author knows what to admit and what to leave out in order to make a narrative of this kind both suggestive and animating. It is likely to stimulate a desire for a wider knowledge of American history, and no book of this kind can do better service for its readers. We anticipate for it all the popularity of the earlier history, and a career not less promising for the growth of a patriotic interest in the past of our country.

We expressed a regret in these pages some months ago that Col. Higginson was turning away from his career as a writer of original essays and novels to this less imaginative work, but it may be that an author can do his country no better service than to make its history an inspiration to the young. The present work goes far towards reconciling us to his withdrawal from the fields of creative literature. He brings fresh aims, high motives, a charming style, and the gift of making his theme constantly delightful, to the task of telling the story of the growth of a great country in the wilds of America. A patriotic and hopeful spirit breathes through all his pages, and gives to them that power of inspiring enthusiasm which is necessary to books for the young.

Gilman's "Story of Rome."*

WE wonder how much neuralgia, nervous derangement, gastric ennui, and intellectual dyspepsia are due to the old-fashioned way of writing 'history' (so-called). The frightful chronological tables with which our childhood abounded,—the hapless lists of kings, popes, and patriarchs to be memorized,—the hopeless genealogical tangles,—the murderous dates prefixed, affixed and infix to a crowded text,—the myopic print blinked over by tired eyes,—the numbered paragraphs bristling with impertinent facts,—the gorged and stuffed sentences dragging their slow lengths along through chapters and pages of condensed and summarised 'events'—all these are among the dyspeptic reminiscences of that period. And how much did we learn from all these lists, tables, popes, and patriarchs? Precious little, indeed! The very sight of one of the histories à la Rollin produced a yawn, for each and all of them had failed to make an agreeable impression on the memory, and their acres of laborious twaddle had rolled from the mind with the first diploma and the first graduating ribbon. Now all this is changed; 'all, all are gone, the old familiar faces'—and without one pang of regret! In the place of these arid compends of historical facts a new theory of writing and preparing history for young people has originated—new, pregnant, vivid, instinct with life and objectivity—a theory based upon the 'tell-me-a-story' principle of interesting children, as old as Livy and the book of Job, as young as the baby born yesterday. Throw history into story-form, breathe into its Valley of Dry Bones the breath of life, tell the beautiful legends and anecdotes and life-stories illustrative of these storied and pictured civilizations, enter spar-

* The Land and the Book. Vol. III. Lebanon, Damascus and Beyond Jordan. By Wm. H. Thomson, D.D. \$6. New York: Harper & Bros.

† A Larger History of the United States of America, to the Close of President Jackson's Administration. By Thomas Wentworth Higginson. \$3.50. New York: Harper & Bros.

* The Story of Rome. By Arthur Gilman. \$1.50. (Story of the Nations Series.) New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons.

ingly into dates and details, and carve out your chapters in large clear blocks; be simple, direct, and graphic; be willing to omit abundantly for the sake of large artistic and graphic effects, and do not chronicle the infinitesimal doings of every infinitesimal potentate, archon, augur, and consul: in short, enter with the eager life of a child into these ancient doings and reproduce only what the wide-open eyes of a child would see and be struck by. Such is the theory on which this admirable new series of ancient histories for young readers, inaugurated by the Messrs. Putnam, is based.

'The Story of Rome' now before us fully proves the value of the new theory, and shows that its author, Mr. Arthur Gilman, thoroughly understands the nature not only of the child but of the general reader. For both 'The Story of Rome' is excellently adapted, and the numerous pictures thrown in here and there assist materially in summoning up the spirit of Old Rome from the vasty deep. The ancients are always being re-discovered: this is the very plan on which Herodotus and Livy wrote their immortal histories, or rather stories—historians who were also superb storytellers and storytellers who were also capital historians, with a sprinkle and twinkle of poetry thrown in for full measure. Why should a modern any more than an ancient audience expect to be interested in cartloads of chronologies and dates, genealogical snarls and mathematically defined paragraphs? Did not Herodotus dedicate the immortal books of his history to the Muses, knowing that it was an immortal poem (*pace* the correspondents of *The Evening Post*)? Mr. Gilman and his associates therefore have the best of authority for introducing the many-colored lights of legend and poetry into their series. 'History is history,' in the words of a captious critic of the Putnam plan—which is a truism that no one will dispute; but dates are not history, and facts as such are not history. Both must live, centre round something, be breathed upon and clothed with human interest, and be invested with vivacious charm if our jaded young folks are to be expected to find history worth while. The tennis-court, the cheap show, the omnipresent 'party' are only too 'contiguous' and tempting to the modern youthful imagination. Give it a counter-charm, devise a counter-irritant, and the competitive instinct thus brought to light will produce new and full fields where wasted intelligence and intellectual force can recover themselves by wholesome stimulant and exercise.

Cuba Past and Present. *

A GOLDEN alligator-head, protruding from a tropic marsh over which a palm casts its pinnate shade, forms a pleasant device for the back of Mr. Ballou's new venture of travel—'Due South.' In fact the 'south' now appears to be the most significant point of the compass, to which all eyes and interests and travellers' feet are gravitating, whether from the natural charm of southern countries or from the growing recoil from regions septentrional. Beaten lines of travel are being abandoned; stale itineraries fail to rouse the jaded appetite of the globe-trotter; and twice-told tales of travel become less and less tolerable to a morbid generation of intellectual sybarites ever seeking for a new sensation, a new city, a new nook in the mountains, or an 'untrodden track' somewhere in the unexplored wilderness. 'Seam and gusset and band' is the monotonous song of the tireless seamstress, but none the less of the monotonous tourist who contents himself with a dive into Switzerland or a plunge through the Schwarz Wald, and records his commonplace experiences in commonplace language, after his return, as an *obligato* part of his trip. 'The burden of it' would become indeed 'intolerable' did not somebody strike 'due south' or turn into 'unbeaten tracks' now and again, and waft to our travel-jaded senses some whiff from fresher worlds. This Mr. Ballou has very happily done in his companionable

volume, wherein are recorded the incidents of a tramp among the Bahamas and a stay in the 'ever-faithful isle' of Cuba. We know from experience the exquisite attractiveness of these sunny regions, and the floral, faunal, and atmospheric surprises in which they are rich beyond compare. Our southeastern coasts and peninsulas are fringed by archipelagoes replete with the last expression of physical beauty: islands, mountain-piles, translucent seas, vegetation abounding in multifarious charms, a seductive population fraught with the Old World grace and picturesqueness of Latin civilizations—languages full of melody and persuasiveness. This delicious rim of outer lands lies just on the dip of the horizon as you peer out of Charleston harbor, or coast the peaked peninsula of Florida; and it swims in such a glory of color and strangeness and fertility, that the wonder is that more people do not know of it and transport their consumptive chests thither to fill them again with vigor and elasticity.

This happy region of the Children of the Sun Mr. Ballou and Mrs. Dorr have lately discovered and added to the traveller's repertory of places indispensable to visit. Though Mr. Ballou makes his bow especially to the 'Gem of the Antilles'—to Cuba,—he has much that is delightful to say about Nassau and New Providence and the purple intricacies of the Bahama archipelago—an archipelago which is one vast sponge and coral shop, about which dart fish with gleaming scales, and in which grow beautiful and startling submarine gardens. Whoever has read Charles Kingsley's 'At Last' knows the precious charm of those latitudes, wherein vegetation is a Babel-climber scaling heaven, and leaf and blossom speak a hundred divers tongues. Mr. Ballou is a lustre-painter, gathering tint and shade as he swims along, and blending them in a vivid and pleasing design. In his sixteen chapters he contrives—though occasionally tempted to stray aside into mere rhetorical expansions—to give a minute, stroke-on-stroke picture of Cuban, and especially of Havanese, life. Here old Spain has run to a highly concentrated spot—to a carbuncle-stone, glowing, like the one Hawthorne tells of, with all the intensity and depth and richness communicable by the most ancient and individualized European civilization. Everything is peculiar, indigenous and yet composite with all the nuances of Moorish-Spanish character and architecture wrought on a background aboriginal and transatlantic in the extreme. The old Spanish eyes flash out of the Carib forehead, and the old Spanish grace is enthroned on Indian shoulders.

Von Holst's History.*

THE fourth volume of Von Holst's history is divided by the American translator into two, owing to its great size. A work that has already commended itself to all students of American history for its ability to grasp the leading facts and to state them with power needs no new word of praise from us. It has already taken its place as one of the very best and most comprehensive works of its kind. The reader may not always agree with its conclusions, but he must acknowledge its insight, its fairness, its judicious tone, and its constant reference to authorities. It is worth much to see ourselves through the eyes of a foreigner, who has taken up his subject with the historian's aim and not with that of the partisan. The period described in the present volume is one of the most difficult in the history of the Republic, for it was one of compromises as well as of bitter dissensions. The volume opens with an account of the apparently complete success of the policy of compromise between slavery and freedom. The adventures of Lopez and the coming of Kossuth give that policy a strain; but the fears awakened by these men help to make it all the stronger for the time being. Then follow the election of Pierce and the passing

* Due South, or Cuba Past and Present. M. M. Ballou. \$1.50. Boston: Houghton, Mifflin & Co.

* The Constitutional and Political History of the United States. By Dr. H. Von Holst. Translated from the German by John J. Lalor. 1850-54. Compromise of 1850—Kansas-Nebraska Bill. Chicago: Callaghan & Co.

of the Kansas-Nebraska bill. Much of this history is very tame, and not in itself of much significance; but it all prepares us for what follows. It helped the North to take hold distinctly of the idea and the principle of freedom; and it made the South tremble with fear for its pet institution. The tameness of this agitation, as it is now read by any one who did not pass through it, is relieved by a few episodes of a fresh and a romantic interest. One of these occurred when Charles Sumner arose in the Senate, a few months after his election, and made a brilliant and startling speech in opposition to slavery. This episode is remarkable because it brought the conscience of the North directly to the front in Congress; and slavery at once felt the mighty power of the new enemy. In the publication of 'Uncle Tom's Cabin' slavery met with another real enemy, and the dreary wastes of discussion of this period are again relieved for a little time. Yet the object of Von Holst all through is to show how American political ideas and institutions have been developed. In following this object he is faithful throughout, and he seldom wanders away from it. In these four years great ideas are being brought to perfection, and in the soon-coming years their results are to be seen in the abolition of slavery and the development of a new national life.

Minor Notices

THE Hon. William D. Kelley, Member of Congress from Pennsylvania, has been moved by General McClellan's article on the Peninsular Campaign in the May number of *The Century* to contribute his own views of the controversy between McClellan and the Administration in 1862, which he has done in a little pamphlet called 'Lincoln and Stanton,' published by G. P. Putnam's Sons in their series of Questions of the Day. It cannot be said that Mr. Kelley throws much new light, either by fact or argument, upon a much debated subject. He considers Mr. Lincoln 'by far the greatest man our country has produced,' and McClellan 'a pampered and petulant egotist.' With such extreme views it is difficult to write history. This little pamphlet is one of a thousand similar straws, useful only to show the current of certain opinions in the most heated days of the War. It abuses and ridicules McClellan from first to last, without saying a single word in his favor; and finds an explanation of his motives and failures in the statement that he was 'the head of the party of inaction' and surrounded by 'the reactionary political faction' almost from the moment he took command. It treats him entirely from the political standpoint, and naturally reviles him as a political adversary; of his military career it discusses only one or two minor phases. As a campaign document in 1864 it would have been quite valuable. At the present day it is interesting only as an historical relic.

MUCH as has been written of Gen. Grant, the book now issued by Gen. James Grant Wilson and called 'The Life and Public Services of Gen. Ulysses S. Grant' (New York: De Witt) will be found to contain much that is new and interesting. It is an elaborate account, covering the whole life-time of the hero, and is attractively written in the simple, unpretending style of one who knows he can trust to his facts for his eloquence. It is a pity that it is not more attractively printed, for it contains a good deal of fine print, and is somewhat awkward in shape and size; but it is a desirable book to own as giving a full, complete, vivid impression of the man and the hero. It is very full of entertaining anecdote, much of which is new to the public.

Holiday Publications.

THERE is no dearth of calendars this winter 'with selections for every day in the year' 1886. Messrs. Houghton, Mifflin & Co. announce that the new Lowell Calendar, containing a striking portrait of the distinguished poet, critic and diplomatist, is entirely exhausted. Their A. D. T. Whitney Calendar, how-

ever, is still obtainable. It has a Kate Greenaway design of four little girls in quaint costumes, in which scarlet, yellow and pink are tastefully mingled. A slender garland of flowers unites the four figures and encircles the red panel in which is placed the tablet of selections. A scarlet, gold and white ornament forms the top of the decorative panel. The ground is of curved gold lines.—The Schiller Calendar (Troy: H. B. Nims & Co.) is in the form of a circular Japanese fan, the tablet being near the handle. The colored design covers the fan. It gives a landscape, with a decorative design of medallion portraits of Schiller and some of his characters at the left. The medallions are united by a blue ribbon and large flowers are placed on the lower part of the landscape.—Cupid's Calendar for 1886 (Estes & Lauriat), with verses selected by Kate Sanborn, is in the form of a heart, with a colored cover showing a Cupid on a ground of blue sky, and a gold border with red hearts. The selections are judiciously made. A gold arrow at the top of the heart forms a bar to hang it up by.—The Temperance Calendar, published by the Woman's Temperance Publishing Association, has a colored design giving a portrait of Miss Frances E. Willard, and reproductions of two famous pictures, the 'Madonna della Seggiola' and 'Saint Margaret with the Dragon.' The motto of the calendar is 'We wage our peaceful war for God and home and native land.'—The Louisa M. Alcott Calendar (Roberts Bros.) is gracefully designed in a decorative style and printed in black, brown and tawny yellow. A portrait of Miss Alcott, a view of the one-arch bridge at Concord, and one of the Alcott residence, lend interest to the decorative side of the calendar, while the quotations from Miss Alcott's writings given on the cards make it valuable in a literary way.—The design of the Emerson Calendar (Houghton, Mifflin & Co.) is the same as that of last year, though the selections are new. It shows good decorative use of New England floral growth. The designs are in harmonious colors on a gold ground. A portrait of Emerson has a pine tree for a background. The decorative border of yellow violets and the head-band of pansies are very effective.—The Golden Treasury Calendar (J. B. Lippincott Co.) is the pearl of all the calendars of the year. It presents an example of fine colored lithographic work worthily applied to an unusually decorative and artistic design by Will H. Low. It gives a female figure, resting on one knee, and holding a scroll which forms a background for the tablet. She has large, beautifully tinted wings, in purples and browns. Her robe of purples, browns, golds, blues and greens, finely toned, has mystic figures and astronomical names in the different ribbon patterns. The background is formed of multi-colored clouds, and the figure rests on the top of a sphere. The beauty of color, tone and decorative effect in this calendar is creditable both to the artist and the lithographer.

'CITY BALLADS,' by Will Carleton, author of 'Farm Ballads,' 'Farm Legends,' 'Farm Festivals,' 'Young Folks' Centennial Rhymes,' etc. (Harper & Bros.), is a book likely to add much to the author's reputation. It gives a number of ballads, scraps of verse and rhymed ethical fragments from the diaries of a rich old farmer and a young man just from college, both of whom are new to city life and who spend much of their time in studying its many phases. Pathetic and humorous scenes are treated in a masterly manner. Some of the ballads rise to a high level of sentiment, and are at once vigorous and tender. The ballad of the old horse, Flash, deserves to rank among the best equine literature. 'You will tell me where is Conrad' is a bit of true popular pathos. 'The Boy Convict's Story' is a fine naturalistic touch. The illustrations are all characteristic and expressive, while a few of them are above the average in artistic quality.

IT WOULD be hardly fair to describe Joseph Moore's charmingly readable book, 'The Queen's Empire' (Lippincott, \$3), as a 'holiday volume.' Yet its dainty chrome and gold binding and its superb illustrations make it a handsome book for the parlor table. The fifty phototypes, selected by George Herbert Watson, are magnificent specimens of art, and would of themselves make a portfolio over which one could linger during a long winter evening. Mr. Moore is one of those sociable travelers who seem to have the faculty of taking the reader into the saloon car with them, and telling their story as if looking him right in the eye. One feels at once that he knows, or wants to know, the author. Free, easy, unstudied, yet refined and modest, the story moves on, and one seems to see the places as in a diorama before his eyes. In Colorado, we are put aboard train to go round the world. From tropical seas we step ashore at Bombay, cross India by rail, see the Mogul rivers, fight again the battles of the

Mutiny, peep at the Holy Places, climb the Himalayas, enter the Madras Presidency, and wind up our trip in Ceylon, which is the pearl of India. Architecture and social life seem to be Mr. Moore's favorite subjects of observation, and we get more of the shady side of India—that is, woman's side—than is generally vouchsafed to us by masculine writers on that country. Mr. Moore took time to study missionary labor, unlike the average globe-trotters who slight it, or the foregone-conclusionists who either extenuate by the wholesale or set down by the same measure in malice. Though a genuine American, he appreciates fully what British valor and wisdom have done and are doing for India. Personal adventures add spice, and provoke merriment as one reads the old story of India so well retold with pen and picture in this sumptuous volume. The mechanical book-making is all that could be desired; thick white paper and wide margins hold a clear and beautiful type-print, and enclose illustrations for which our double praise is not too great. India, as she was and is, is here again presented in a style to fascinate both readers and travellers. A remarkably clear map is folded up for handy use in front. The book is dedicated to his companion, who so happily selected the half-hundred pictures.

'PALERMO,' a Christmas story by Alice Durand Field, author of 'Christmas at Greycastle' (G. P. Putnam's Sons), is handsomely gotten up as a holiday-book, printed on fine laid paper, with wide margins, and illustrated with several etchings by Samuel Colman. The story describes the adventures of a party of English people living at Palermo, at the time of Garibaldi's famous revolutionary expedition to the island of Sicily. Some of the episodes of that stirring chapter of history are handled in a spirited manner in this story. The descriptions of church ceremonies, of natural scenery, and of the city of Palermo are full of color. The author is thoroughly in sympathy with the scenes and the people she describes, and this sympathetic quality makes the reader forgive the amateurishness of her badly constructed little story. Some Sicilian ballads, scattered through the book, add to its interest. Mr. Colman's etchings are of considerable merit. 'Monreale,' the frontispiece, is very good, showing unity of color-effect. The external view of Monreale, with its two distinct styles of treatment, is not as satisfactory. 'Segeste' is excellent in impression and color, and 'The Convent Gate' and 'Monte Pellegrino' are delicately handled.

THE Christmas number of *The Bookbinder* (Charles Scribner's Sons), contains almost as much good reading and as many clever illustrations as the largest magazines. The frontispiece is an engraving by Thomas Cole of the Orleans Madonna of Raphael, a work which merits popularization by this method. The well-known authors who contribute readable articles on Christmas or Christmas books are Julia C. R. Dorr, Lieutenant A. W. Greely, George Parsons Lathrop, Julian Hawthorne, H. H. Boyesen, Brander Matthews, Hamilton W. Mabie, R. H. Stoddard, Lawrence Hutton, Eugene Schuyler, Rossiter Johnson, H. E. Krehbiel and Constance Cary Harrison. A sketch of F. R. Stockton is accompanied by a well-engraved portrait.

'BIRTH AND TRIUMPH of Cupid,' with verses by J. W. C. (Troy: H. B. Nims & Co.), is an attractive little book, giving a series of semi-decorative colored illustrations in which are represented the adventures of Love, as a small human child. The cover is in pale-bronze paper, with colored designs on it, and tied with a light-blue cord. —THE best thing about the external aspect of 'Beauties of Tennyson' (Porter & Coates) is the cover. It is in smooth gray cloth, with a decorative design simulating an escutcheon, with a winged horse on silver in a gold ground, a black laurel branch, and silver designs in outline. The twenty illustrations by Frederic B. Schell are unworthy the talent of the artist and the genius of the poet, and are only fairly engraved. —HOUGHTON, MIFFLIN & Co. have printed in photographic *fac-simile* a book of sketches of Marblehead, by Anne Ashby Agge and Mary Mason Brooks. The drawings are far from being worthy of the pains bestowed upon their reproduction.

Books for the Young.

AS THE holiday season draws near, the throng of attractive books for young readers increases. One of the first and most imposing of those that now present themselves is William Shepard's 'Our Young Folks' Roman Empire.' (J. B. Lippincott Co. \$2.50) It is the story merely of the Empire, beginning, at the close of the Republic, with Augustus, and ending with August-

ulus. The author, in his brief preface, explains that the features of his book which adapt it to juvenile perusal are that it is written in homely English, that it dwells very lightly upon those darker features of social life in the Roman Empire which make a more detailed picture of that period unfit for young people, and that it avoids controverted questions, especially in matters of sectarian concern. The work fairly justifies all these claims, and offers a clear and well arranged narrative, which older readers, who have no time for Gibbon, may peruse with instruction and interest. There are some tolerably good illustrations and a satisfactory map.

'SUNNY SPAIN,' by Olive Patch (Cassell & Co.), can certainly not be termed well arranged. Indeed, it has no arrangement at all. It begins with Seville, and skips thence to Cordova, Granada, Madrid, Toledo, Cadiz, Burgos, Barcelona—in fact, anywhere and everywhere. There is a topsy-turvy kind of history, beginning with the Black Prince, going on to the Peninsular War, and ending with the Spanish Armada. There is neither map nor index. But if older readers may lament this confusion, the more youthful will trouble themselves very little about it, and will find in the lively descriptions, well-told stories, well-selected poems, and, above all, the profusion of pictures, adorning every other page, matter of abundant attraction. The style is good, and the information which the young readers will gain is generally accurate. This should be one of the most popular books of the season.

CHRISTOPHER DAVIES, who has made a reputation in England by his books for boys, will doubtless enhance it by his latest work. 'Peter Penniless, Gamekeeper and Gentleman' (F. Warne & Co. \$2), is devoted to the description of sporting life in England—shooting and fishing, and the kindred amusements. There is much in it, of course, which will be strange to American youths, but a good deal more that will suit their taste, and give them useful hints. The author might, to advantage, have made much more of his story, which begins well, but dwindles to a mere thread, on which to hang his descriptions and disquisitions. But the volume can be commended both for its facts and its sentiments.

'SYLVIA'S DAUGHTERS,' by Florence Scannell, with 24 engravings in tints by Edith Scannell, engraved and printed by Edmund Evans (F. Warne & Co. \$1.50), is a little romance for girls. The scene is laid partly in France, at the beginning of the first French Revolution, and partly in the south of England. The story is slight enough, but prettily told, and very tastefully illustrated. It is as bright and as impossible as a school-girl's day-dream, and the average school-girl will be delighted with it.

FOR YOUNGER readers 'Oliver Optic's' *Our Little Ones* for 1885 will be a charming gift (Estes & Lauriat, \$1.75). The stories, poems, anecdotes, illustrations and music are all excellent, and exactly what they should be. Mr. Adams is the prince of editors for children's books. For boys or girls who have just learned to read with facility, or for those who have parents or elder brothers or sisters willing to read to them, this book will be a fascination, from the first page to the last. —FOR a still younger public, whose literary enjoyment is all in being read to and in looking at pictures, *Babyland* retains its perennial attractiveness. The volume for 1885 (D. Lothrop & Co. 75 cents) is as pretty and merry and tender and gay as the volumes that have gone before, and have given happy hours to many reading mothers and little listeners. Until the 'perpetual baby' shall cease from the land, *Babyland*, if it preserves its present charm, must continue to flourish.

STANLEY GRAHAME: 'A tale of the Dark Continent,' by Gordon Staples (A. C. Armstrong & Son), is a genuine nautical story of a Scotch lad who leaves his home in the Highlands to spend his life on the sea, in Virginia, and in southeastern Africa. The author, a surgeon in 'the Queen's navy,' has tried his hand at boys' stories before, but writes down to them more than is necessary. The American lad will resent his treatment of the geography of Virginia, in which much-abused State our bold Briton locates 'the black bear, the python and the puma' (p. 67), and in Mississippi a 'mountain-bounded lake of water—quite an inland sea, in fact' (p. 71). His manner of arranging his Indians and their battles with the hero of the story partakes of the same spirit of desolate freedom which the average Englishman exhibits while abroad on the map of America. When

the story shifts to Africa, and the surgeon-author is on more familiar ground, he handles his pen as surely as we hope he does his scalpel. The story of the capture of the Arab slave-ship is as lively as if Charles Reade had written it, and we wonder why no story-teller has as yet pictured the exploits of the Yankee brigs and schooners which a generation ago on the west coast of Africa helped to improve the slavers off the face of the earth. Despite a certain stiffness of style, the story of Stanley Grahame is fairly well told, in short chapters, with plenty of dialogue. It is sufficiently 'medicated,' and at the same time the moral is amply sugar-coated. The book is well printed, bound, and decorated with a fascinating stamp-picture of a boy at the mast-head, with moonlight and silvery waves.

WORDS of one syllable are used almost to the exclusion of longer vocabularies in Agnes Sadlier's 'History of Ireland,' which gives a good deal of information concerning the Irish in an unpretending way. Short words and abundant illustrations are the special features of Mrs. Helen W. Pierson's 'Lives of the Presidents of the United States.' Each of these books is clearly printed in bold type on heavy paper, and is sold for a dollar. 'Great Cities of the Modern World' (\$1.50), by Hazel Shepard, presents a fairly complete view, pictorial and literary, of the characteristic features of many noted places. N. d'Anvers' 'Heroes of American Discovery' (\$1.25) is written in an interesting way, and is very fully illustrated. These four books are published by George Routledge & Sons.

'RING-A-ROUND-A-ROSY,' by Mary A. Lathbury (R. Worthington), is a very pretty little book. The colored cover has an arch of roses with twelve charming little girls advancing, three abreast, from under it. On the first colored page, the twelve young beauties are dancing in a ring. On each succeeding page the number diminishes by one, until only one little girl is left, and she is seen in bed. The groupings are graceful, and the costumes at once pretty and artistic. Many of the little faces are very sweet, and the incidents on which the pictures depend for interest are well imagined. The mechanical quality of the plates is very good.

SARA E. WILTSE has published a little book (Ginn & Co. 30 cents) of charming little 'Stories for Kindergartens and Primary Schools,' equally adapted to the needs of small children at home. Some of these stories have appeared in *The Independent* and *The Christian Register*, and all of them are worth being preserved in this more durable form.

THERE is an unusual abundance of good fairy-lore this season, and among the best is 'Roumanian Fairy Tales,' arranged by J. M. Percival (Henry Holt & Co. \$1.50). These are unique, with a true foreign flavor, dealing, as a fairy-tale should, with wonderful and impossible adventures and characters, but often showing, as in the first one of the collection, an admirable adaptation to the emergencies of real life. Stan's presence of mind and readiness of wit, in the story of 'Stan Bolovan,' teach us, too, how to be equal to the occasion. The cover is a very dainty and original bit of work.

The Magazines

(SECOND NOTICE)

NOT being a bicyclist, we usually find most of interest in those parts of *Outing* which are not the outings, though the record of these cannot fail to be of interest to the out-doors-man *per se*, and the account of 'Canadian Social Life and Sports,' by Edmund Collins, is certainly spirited and entertaining. 'A Journalistic Episode,' by Florence Finch-Kelly, is a good story as far as it goes, though there is neither rhyme nor reason in the inconsequent conclusion. The illustrations are much the best that have ever appeared in this magazine, the frontispiece, 'December,' being exquisite.

The English Illustrated is such a fascinating number, with its delicate and pleasing change of color in the cover, and its captivating illustrations, that one hardly remembers to look at the text at all. The pictures for Sir Roger de Coverley are full of delightful spirit; those for Henry W. Lucy's article on 'The House of Lords' are almost equally entertaining, while lovely landscapes and heads make this double number more than doubly attractive. There is a fine short story, 'Dr. Barrère,' by Mrs. Oliphant; and Christie Murray's serial, as the romance of elderly lives, is especially unique.

An admirable suggestion on the Indian question is made by E. L. Huggins in *The Overland*, to the effect that instead of herding the Indians together on large reservations, we should scatter them in small communities as far apart as possible and as near as possible to the mild influences of wider and better civilization than can be afforded by the teachings of individual missionaries and the example of Indian agents. This number contains some of the best magazine poetry of the month: 'On the Desert,' by Sylvia Lawson Corey, and 'Song,' by E. C. Sanford. An appreciative article on John McCullough gives many attractive traits of the man as well as the actor.

Robert Collyer begins a nice little story of 'Saint Robert' in *The Brooklyn Magazine*. The 'symposium' this month (from which we have already published copious extracts) is on the highly important question whether Boston is losing its literary *prestige*, by which is probably meant its literary preëminence. Dr. Bartol, with his usual happy penetration, suggests that the cliffs are not any lower, though the tide has risen round them. In the facilities for scholarly research that she offers to students, Boston is still head and shoulders above all other American cities. New York and Brooklyn may well blush when libraries are mentioned. Brooklyn's one general library—not free—is maintained with an almost daily difficulty, that is humiliating, while the Bostonian, accustomed to long mornings of delight in browsing among the alcoves of the Athenæum, is met at the Brooklyn Mercantile Library with the courteous denial, 'We should much prefer that you would not go to the shelves; we will bring to you any number of books if you will give us the titles.' Fain would we believe that it is because New Yorkers all buy and own the books they read that it is so hard to find among us even those circulating libraries of Boston which circulate much light literature, yet much that is excellent. But this is impossible; and it is even asserted—with much, if not absolute truth—that Brooklyn with her 600,000 inhabitants has not a bookstore. There are stores with book-counters, stores that will order books for you; but Swayne's small store in Fulton Street is perhaps the most of a bookstore. The writer who would study from books must undoubtedly go to Boston still; but the writer who craves life, movement, universal stimulus, instead of special research, will do well to leave Boston and seek cities with less *prestige* but more present opportunities. At the literary receptions of Boston to-day, one meets precisely the same faces that used to be at similar receptions ten years ago, with hardly a new face among them. In New York, from week to week, the faces alter so, that while all are of those more or less distinguished in prominent circles, there will be hardly half-a-dozen of those you met last week at the same house or at other houses. The difference is, that Boston not only has a great deal of culture, but cares only for its culture; New York has a great deal of culture, but doesn't care over-much about it; taking its culture, as it does its breakfast, as something desirable—nay, even necessary,—but only desirable for each individual according to his capacity for enjoying and digesting it quietly.

Following Love

I FOLLOWED Love who singing went before,
And called me onward unto Paradise,
Between the boughs of Spring that decked the shore—
And falling blossoms blinded all mine eyes.

How swift came night! How faded hung the blooms
Upon the blighted branches gaunt and grey!
How dark to grope amid the place of tombs,
Where Death's white footprints mark his wandering way!

JULIE K. WETHERILL.

The Lounger

THE CRITIC's contributors were not the only ones among his friends who have seen fit to call Mr. Clemens's attention to the fact that he has lived half his life. 'Every mail,' he writes to a correspondent, 'brings me letters from people who seem glad I'm fifty years old. I do not see what I have done to have so many enemies. I have never congratulated a person on being fifty years of age. It is true I have shot at people in the dark when I have had something unusual against them, but I have drawn the line there.' I don't wonder that Mr. Clemens is indignant. It is bad enough to be fifty without having it announced from the housetops. I expect to be fifty myself if I live,

but I should be very much annoyed to have that anniversary made a national holiday.

'THE HUMBLER POETS' have found a friend in Slason Thompson, presumably a Western gentleman, who 'from the mass of ephemeral poetry that has appeared in newspapers and periodicals during the past fifteen years, has sought to rescue the meritorious waifs which have not found an abiding place in collected works.' Mr. Thompson's publishers, Messrs. Jansen, McClurg & Co., are particular to explain the meaning of the word 'humbler' as used in the title of this anthology. It is intended, we are told, to distinguish Mr. Thompson's flock of song-birds, not only from 'the grand old masters,' but from 'the recognized lesser poets' as well, the 'humbler poets' being simply 'those who sang because they could not help it, because they had something to sing, because they heard in their souls "the music of wonderful melodies."'

THIS is a fine distinction; but will it not prove a little confusing? Lord Tennyson, for instance, if not 'a grand old master,' is at least 'a recognized lesser poet' (lesser only than the grandest of the grand old masters), and yet does he not confess

I do but sing because I must,
And pipe but as the linnets sing?

Mr. Thompson must not overlook the Laureate's claim as a 'humbler poet,' nor the claims of Longfellow, Lowell, Bryant, Whittier and other famous American bards who did but sing because they must, however little their pipings may have resembled the linnets' song.

GOLDMARK'S 'Queen of Sheba' as sung and mounted at the Metropolitan Opera House is a performance well worth seeing. The singing is the best that has been given us by the German opera singers, and the *mise-en-scène* as fine as has ever been put on a New York stage. Fraulein Lehmann is a most attractive singer, and Herr Stritt wipes out the unpleasant memory of Herr Schott. Goldmark's music is very pretty, often beautiful, and pleasantly suggestive of 'Aida'—the finest modern opera written outside of Bayreuth. It was at the first performance of the Queen of Sheba, only a few nights ago, that I last saw the late Wm. H. Vanderbilt. He occupied his first tier box with his wife and friends, and had never looked better in his life. The success of the opera seemed to give him the keenest pleasure.

I HAD occasion to ride up town in a Third Avenue car, this week, and sitting directly opposite me were four live Indians. They were dressed in picturesque costumes, with their hair stuck full of feathers, and their red blankets wrapped around their shoulders. They had their war-paint on, too, and were very unpleasant looking fellows. I don't know when I have seen four wicked looking men. To add to their bloodthirsty appearance, each held a tomahawk in his hand. One carried a big bass-drum with a belt of gay colored beads around it. They got off at Thirteenth Street, and the conductor said he thought they were on exhibition in a hall in that thoroughfare. If an Englishman had happened to be aboard the car, I suppose he would have taken it for granted that these were everyday travelers on the line, little dreaming that they were as uncommon a sight to most of the other passengers as to himself.

MR. S. W. MARVIN, to whose persistency and good taste are due the remarkably attractive covers found on the Messrs. Scribner's books, is a zealous member of the Grolier Club, and he is going to put a Sixteenth Century design from Count Grolier's own library on Mr. W. W. Astor's novel. 'Valentino' will be published in a few days, and will be sold for \$2, instead of the usual \$1.50. It is not a large book, not much larger than Mr. Matthews's 'The Last Meeting,' but is more elaborately printed and bound.

MR. BRANDER MATTHEWS received notice a few days ago that there was a book for him at the Post Office, and that he could secure it by paying the import duty, which had been put at twenty cents. He sent twenty cents to the address indicated, and received in return a copy of the English edition of his own novel, 'The Last Meeting.' Whom does Protection protect in this case? Not the author, whose copyright is presumably less than twenty cents a volume, and who is consequently out of pocket; nor the publisher, who sold a set of plates of the book to the English firm that issues it in London. Messrs. Scribner, by the way, who publish the book in question, sell more plates

to English publishing houses than they buy from them. (If I were given to punning, I should say in this connection that this book by Mr. Matthews affords one of the few cases in which no one is willing to dispense with the reading of the minutes of 'The Last Meeting!')

A Quiet Literary Worker.

[John Burroughs, in *The Herald of Health*.]

DR. M. L. HOLBROOK, *Dear Sir*: You ask me about my health habits. It is a short story and quickly told. What little literary work I do is entirely contingent upon my health. If I am not feeling absolutely well, with a good appetite for my food, a good appetite for sleep, for the open air, for life generally, there is no literary work for me. If my sleep has been broken or insufficient, the day that follows is lost to my pen. What do I do, then, to keep healthy? Lead a sane and simple life: Go to bed at nine o'clock and get up at five in summer, and at six in winter: spend half of each day in the open air; avoid tea and coffee, tobacco and all stimulating drinks; adhere mainly to a fruit and vegetable diet, and always aim to have something to do which I can do with zest. Stagnation is the parent of ill-health; the currents, both mental, emotional and physiological, must be kept going. The mild excitement of a congenial talk, of conversation with friends, of a walk in the fields or woods, or a row on the river, or the reading of a good book, are all sanitary and promote health.

I gave up the use of meat, on the advice of my physician, two years ago, and my health has been much better since. I find I need less physical exercise, that my nerves are much steadier, and that I have far fewer dull, blank, depressing days; in fact, all the functions of my body are much better performed by abstaining from meat. In summer I make very free use of milk; at other seasons I cannot touch it. I eat one egg a day, usually for breakfast; I eat oysters, fish and fowl, oatmeal, hominy, beans and a great deal of fruit of all kinds. When I can get good buttermilk I want no better drink. There is great virtue in buttermilk. One year ago I gave up the use of coffee, and think I am greatly the gainer by it. Certain periodical headaches with which I was afflicted I attributed to coffee. If I missed my cup of coffee in the morning I was sure to have a bad headache (I have never been a tea drinker). I was sure in any case to have a bad headache at least once a month. Since I have left off the coffee my headaches are much lighter, and the character of them has entirely changed; they leave me on the going down of the sun. Certain coffee-colored spots on my face have also nearly disappeared. The best thing in tea or coffee is the heat; this I keep in my cup of hot milk and water, sometimes flavored with tea. It seems that the only part of my organization that needs stimulating is the secretive; meat and coffee clog and hinder these functions, while a fruit and vegetable diet favor them. One must study his own animal economy, and adapt his habits of eating and drinking and of work to it. What suits me will not suit all. My writing hours, when I do write, which is only in the cool or cold months, are from 9 or 10 A.M. to 2 or 3 P.M. Then I want my dinner, and after that a brisk walk of four or five miles, rain or shine. In the evening I read or talk with my friends.

Let me add a word in praise of a flannel outside shirt in all seasons. It is like a change of climate: it equalizes the temperature, it protects the body against our sudden and great changes of heat and cold, and hence is a friend to good circulation. Flannel is a protection against malaria and against neuralgic and rheumatic pains, and seems specially needed in our changeable climate.

WEST PARK, N. Y., November 6th, 1885.

Mr. Watts on Professional Models.

[An interview in *The Pall Mall Gazette*.]

MR. J. C. HORSLEY'S vigorous protest against the study of the nude in our art schools, in his paper on 'Art Schools and Art Practice in their Relation to a Moral and Religious Life,' which he recently read at the Church Congress, has created quite a flutter of excitement in the art dovecots. In order to ascertain the views of the members of the artistic profession on the subject, our representative called on some of the principal artists—painters and sculptors—at present in town. They all spoke freely upon the matter, and, while particularly desirous of avoiding anything of a personal nature, were absolutely unanimous in condemning Mr. Horsley's opinions. The following are the views of Mr. G. F. Watts, R.A.

'No,' said he, 'I have not yet seen Mr. Horsley's paper, but I

am perfectly well aware of the opinions he holds upon the subject of artists' models. I may tell you at once that I have never known a girl go wrong in consequence of her sitting as an artist's model; and it is not only a mistake, but also an insult to such a girl, to say that she does. The willingness or otherwise of a woman to sit for the figure depends entirely upon the individual characteristics of the person. I have known many women of an irreproachable character and good position to whom it was not at all repugnant, while, on the other hand, I have known of others of an undoubtedly bad character who could not be induced to sit. It is altogether a matter of personal peculiarity. These "professionals" generally belong to a family of models, who have been brought up to it from their earliest childhood, and so are accustomed to it all their lives, and of course they see nothing in it. But to consider that sitting for the nude is a debasing proceeding is simply absurd, unless the model is taken from that class of fallen women to come into contact with whom is under almost any circumstances debasing in itself; and this, of course, is what all artists are careful to avoid. In saying this I speak not for myself alone, but also for Sir Frederick Leighton and others of my profession. The very many girls I have known have been extremely well-conducted women, who, generally speaking, have eventually married respectably and brought up respectable families. I have never known them under any other circumstances.

'Of course it is only right that, as at the Academy, young men should not be admitted before they are twenty-one; but it is absurd to suppose that any "degradation" is caused to the student by seeing a nude model that he is to draw from; the sight of a naked woman in the schools is not half so impure as the undressing that fashionable women subject themselves to when they go out to parties. Of "degradation" there is absolutely nothing so far as I know. But let those who would do away with the study of the nude mark this, and weigh it well. If you put a stop to the use of professional models, you will simply force the student—whom you may not, and, indeed, you cannot, prevent from going to nature to study, and if you admit that there is any good in art and poetry at all you dare not so prevent him—I say you will force him to employ women of a bad character, being the only willing subjects you leave him, and in all probability you thereby lead him into bad and infamous *liaisons*. To abolish the model is to abolish all true art, for the painting of the human figure is beyond compare the highest walk of it. Mr. Horsley's excessive tenderness is like that of the French governess who objected to her pupils taking a bath, because, she said, "although you may be alone in the room, still *le bon Dieu vous voit*."

'Now, this is exceedingly important, and I would most earnestly call your attention to it. One of the great missions of art—the greatest, indeed—is to serve the same grand and noble end as poetry by holding in check that natural and ever-increasing tendency to hypocrisy which is consequent upon and constantly nurtured by civilization. My aim is now, and will be to the end, not only to paint pictures which are delightful to the eye, but pictures which will go to the intelligence and to the imagination, and kindle there what is good and noble, and which will appeal to the heart. And in doing this I am forced to paint the nude. See this picture of "Mammon." The creature crushes under one foot the undraped figure of the boy, and his heavy hand he lays coarsely and brutally upon the little girl's head. Now, why have I painted these little victims naked? Because they are types of humanity, and had they been clothed the force of my meaning and teaching would be altogether gone—they would cease to be types. And can anybody consider that those figures are indecent because they are naked? Is there any father who would hesitate for an instant to bring his young daughters before it on the ground of its prurience, or because I painted them from living models? Look, again, at this draped figure—a draped angel of death, upon which I have done my best to bestow a dignified bearing. Now, with all my experience, and with whatever knowledge of the human figure I may possess, I should not have been able to render it correctly had I not drawn it on the canvas as a nude figure and from a nude model. Had I not done so, this figure—whatever merit it may have at present—might have been ridiculous, possibly grotesque. Art and poetry have their great mission, and great art, like great poetry, must necessarily have that in it which you do not have in everyday life, or you might as well sweep them away altogether, leaving us only with the pretty picture of the dressed-up baby and jingling words to a song, while the soul remains untouched, and the commonplace reigns around. No man is purer than Tennyson, and no one, I presume, would think to accuse him of obscenity; and yet he has written things in his finest poetry that

you would not speak about in a drawing-room. And so might there be things that you would not call attention to in a picture, while all the time it is recognized as absolutely right that they should be there.

'The greatest art, as I said before, is that which deals with types, and which appeals to the imagination, and not merely to the eye. We do not want to merely closely copy nature, whether the subject be children playing with flowers, or portraiture, or any other pictorial representation of the kind. The photographic lens will accomplish that better and far more accurately than I or any other artist can ever hope to do. But it is the soul that a man puts upon the canvas for the delight and improvement of his fellow men that the lens cannot accomplish, and this cannot be done without full and proper, and, I may say, the only study; for the expression of that art would only become ridiculous and grotesque if the structure were not properly and truthfully placed before the spectator.

'To emasculate art by suppressing the study and representation of the nude—which, I repeat, is absolutely the highest form of pictorial art—is simply prudery, not delicacy; with the only result of setting narrow limits to our art and putting blinkers on our imagination, and such an emasculated art *must* fail to rise to the highest sensibility. To resume, then, I can say from my own very long experience, (1) that I have never seen the slightest signs of any "degradation" whatever in any model I have ever employed. I have always found them quite modest in their manner, and I have always treated them as I would treat any lady in the land; and as far as I know all artists do the same. (2) I most distinctly state that I have never seen the least approach to or hint of any indecent remark, improper conduct, ribaldry, or immorality from any member of any life school. But then I must admit that it never occurred to me to suspect or watch for any; and (3) I would say that only a bad or singularly constituted mind would consider that the undraping of the figure for the purpose of art robbed a woman of her modesty or destroyed her respectability. What I have been telling you you will see illustrated by the collection of my works which is hanging in my gallery, and which I shall be happy to show you.'

Mr. Watts then kindly conducted our representative into the gallery attached to his house (and which, by the courtesy of the artist, is open to the public each week), and here he showed him that magnificent collection of his pictures which he has declared his intention 'as a patriotic Englishman' of leaving to the nation. And a noble bequest it is!

Beau Brummell.

[From *The Spectator*.]

WE are seldom more deceived than when we try to compare our own generation either for good or for evil with one of those that have gone before it. The necessary conditions of a just comparison are absent. It is impossible to be thoroughly informed; it is equally impossible to be thoroughly impartial. Our self-censure and our self-praise are alike apt to be exaggerated and unfair. Still, there are matters upon which we may be permitted, with the reserve that they concern manners rather than morality, to congratulate ourselves. We may claim a distinct improvement, for instance, in the common-sense at least of society that the creature which our fathers or grandfathers called a 'beau' is extinct. We say that it is extinct, though we are perfectly well aware that species closely resembling it exist, as, indeed, they have always existed. Alcibiades was a 'beau,' with his curled and perfumed locks, his gorgeous tunics, his shield inlaid with ivory and gold. But then he was a distinguished citizen. Some at least of his extravagances—the seven chariots, for instance, which he ran simultaneously in the Olympic course—were a national distinction. He was an effective orator, and, to say the least, a capable general. Had he been a mere fop, he certainly would not have been a success. And the 'beau' of to-day, or even of the days which only the oldest among us can remember, has, and always has had, to be something more than a fop if his notoriety was to be of any use to him. Lord Beaconsfield and Lord Lytton in their youth, and even somewhat beyond their youth, were fops; but it would be safe to say that their eccentricities and extravagances, their stays, their gorgeous vests, their padded coats, and many-colored overcoats, would have won but a passing stare from their own generation, and been utterly forgotten by the next, but that they were the surface oddities of men who had won, or were likely to win, distinction in politics or literature. And the 'beau' of to-day, whom we recognize under the name of the 'æsthete,' must have something to show beyond his sunflowers or lilies, and the delicately assorted tints of his garments. He

must be either artist or poet; for the ruder or severer taste of the new democracy seems to discourage personal display in its leaders, and regards askance, if it does not condemn, a flower in the buttonhole of a statesman. His art, it is true, may be feeble, and his verse indifferent, or worse; but he must have at least the claim. It will not be enough to parade a person, however gifted by nature, however tastefully or brilliantly adorned by art. But Beau Brummell, whose curious life by the late Captain Jesse has just been republished in an edition of appropriate costliness, was nothing but a beau; and Brummell was the most perfect specimen, if he was the last of his kind. The best-known of his predecessors, Beau Nash, had performed other functions besides that of being ornamental. We may not be inclined to assign a very high rank among human occupations to the calling of a master of ceremonies. Yet it has—or at least had—its utility. Nash gave the air of fashion, and therefore of prosperity, to the Assembly-room and Pump-room of Bath. The city regarded him, and not without reason, as its second founder, and paid him appropriate honors in life and death. In the species, as finally and fully developed in Brummell, the organ of utility, so to speak, has disappeared; we see the fop, and nothing else; but we see him becoming, to the shame of his generation, on the mere strength of his foppery, a power in society. The history of his success seems almost incredible as we read it; we look, but we look in vain, for personal qualities which may help us to account for it, and we are forced to attribute it to the stupendous and exceptional folly of the times in which he flourished. His birth was not distinguished, for though his father was a successful placeman, his grandfather had been a confectioner, and had let lodgings in Bond Street. He was not rich, for his fortune never amounted to more than £30,000, and was soon impaired by extravagance and play; his literary ability was not more than hundreds of his contemporaries possessed, and did not reach beyond writing indifferent *vers de société*. Still he set himself the task of conquering the social world of his day, and this task he accomplished. His biographer is careful to defend him from the charge of being a dandy; and if a dandy means an extravagant dresser, he is successful in his defence. Extravagantly dressed means ill-dressed; and the age, with all its follies, was not so foolish as to elect an ill-dressed man as the dictator of its social *convenances*. Brummell, says Captain Jesse, 'determined to be the best-dressed man in London; and after getting rid of the natural weakness, which at first beset him, of changing his dress too frequently, he attained his object. This made him the intimate friend of princes, the *arbitrarius elegantiarum* whose mere greeting was a passport into the most exclusive society, and had, therefore, a value beyond money. 'You owe me five hundred pounds,' said a man who sought the *entrée* into the circle of fashion to the Beau, when his career was drawing to a close. 'I have paid you,' said Brummell. 'Paid me!' said the man, 'when?' 'When?' answered Brummell. 'Why, when I was standing at the window at White's, and said as you passed, "Ah, how do you, Jimmy?"' Wit, of course, is one of the conditions of social success, and Brummell had some sort of claim to it. Yet, unless even more than usual of its spirit has evaporated, his wit is barely distinguishable from impudence. This quality rose in him almost to the height of an inspiration, and produced, if nothing else, at least that sense of incongruity which is one of the necessary conditions of effective humor. Here is a story which has the merit of being less hackneyed than most that are told about him. An ex-officer in the Army, who had had the misfortune to have his nose shot or sabred off in the Peninsula, was told that Brummell had reported of him that he had never held a commission, but was nothing more than a retired hatter. He called upon the Beau and demanded satisfaction. Brummell promptly and energetically denied that he had ever spread the disparaging rumor. But when the Captain was about to take his leave, gratified with his success, Brummell followed him to the door, and again affirmed that the report was false, giving, however, this reason,—"Now that I think of it, I never in my life dealt with a hatter without a nose." The social supremacy so strangely won was not upset by any return of society to common-sense. Brummell quarrelled with his Royal patron, but seemed little the worse for the exclusion from the Prince's circle, and, indeed, was thought to have come off rather the better in the quarrel which followed the old intimacy. The Beau ruined himself at the gaming-table, at which sums not less than his modest patrimony were nightly lost and won with a publicity which would entitle us to be severe upon our ancestors, if we could ignore our own Stock Exchange. Brummell had no Parliament to pay his debts, and was obliged to escape them by a hasty flight to the Continent. The story of his latter years exhibits a moral which has no need to be pointed.

The friends of his prosperity were not unkind,—ungrateful would scarcely be the word, for he had done nothing which could call for gratitude. Liberal presents were sent to him; and if his fall had taught him the commonest lesson of prudence, he might have ended his days in comfort. But he had learnt little or nothing. As time went on some of his old acquaintances died, and some became indifferent or weary of incessant demands. The poor creature sank into more and more humiliating depths of poverty. The man whose wardrobe had been the admiration and envy of London was reduced to a single pair of trousers, and looked decent only in winter, when he could cover the deficiencies of his wardrobe with a cloak. The Nemesis of foppery was upon him. The old fastidiousness gave place to a neglect which made him repulsive to his neighbors, and the man who had made a favor of his very greeting was banished to his own chamber, lest he should offend the guests of a third-rate inn. It is pleasant to find that a little ray of light cheered up the last scene of all. He was removed to the hospital of the Bon Sauveur, an institution for the treatment of the imbecile which was managed by an uncloistered sisterhood. There, in the room which Bourrienne had occupied before him, he spent the last eighteen months of his life. 'I never was so comfortable in all my life,' he said to an old acquaintance; 'I have all I wish to eat, and such a large fire.' And there he died, with a prayer—almost the first, we are told, which he is known to have uttered—upon his lips. One of the silliest, if not of the most obnoxious, phases of human folly may be said to have reached in him its most characteristic development.

Ballade of Dead Actors.

[W. E. Henley, in *The Magazine of Art*.]

WHERE are the passions they essayed,
And where the tears they taught to flow?
Where the wild humors they portrayed
For laughing worlds to see and know?
Othello's wrath and Juliet's woe?
Sir Peter's whims and Timon's gall?
And Millamant and Romeo?—
Into the night go one and all!

Where are their braveries, fresh or frayed?
The plumes, the armors—friend and foe?
The cloth of gold, the rare brocade?
The mantles glittering to and fro?
The pomp, the pride, the royal show?
The cries of war and festival?
The youth, the grace, the charm, the glow?—
Into the night go one and all.

The curtain falls, the play is played:
The beggar packs beside the beau;
The monarch troops and troops the maid;
The thunder huddles with the snow.
Where are the revellers, high and low?
The clashing swords? The lovers' call?
The dancers, gleaming row on row?—
Into the night go one and all.

ENVOY.

Prince, in one common overthrow,
The hero tumbles with the thrall.
As dust that drives, as straws that blow,
Into the night go one and all.

Current Criticism

WHERE THE NEWSPAPER GOES.—You enter one of the simple country homes of Connecticut, at some distance, it may be, from any railroad station or busy manufacturing centre. It is a lonely looking place, for the children of the house have grown up and gone away, and the farmer and his wife are growing old. The routine of their lives is narrow, and they go through it day by day as if nothing else in the world were quite so important as that. You fancy that this elderly couple will be found sojourning still in the Middle Ages. But look about you, my friend, and you will see that once or twice a week it brings to these persons tidings from the ends of the earth; you will find that they have more time to read it and to keep the run of affairs than you in your busy city life; and when you sit down to talk with them you will learn that they are not fossils, but well-informed and perhaps cultivated people. The affairs of the State not only, but of the nation and of other nations, are familiar to

them. They know something, not only about agriculture, but about manufactures, about science and art, about social life in other places and countries. And so, while they linger beneath the old moss-covered roof, they are not shut in by the four walls, or by the line-fences of their farm, or by the bounds of their town; their view embraces the great, wide world of humanity. And the window through which they look, or rather, the mirror in which they see it all reflected, is the newspaper.—*Rev. Dr. Joseph Anderson, in a Recent Sermon.*

THE CHIEF SCHOOL FOR ENGLISH ACTORS.—The Dramatic School in Argyll Place having closed its doors, in spite of liberal advertisement, considerable patronage, and a programme promising everything and printed on artistic paper, 'the youngest of the Sister Arts' finds herself once more without an academy. . . . Briefly stated, then, the whole case stands as follows: In consequence of the total absence in England of any subsidized institution such as La Comédie Française, and in consequence also of the complete extinction of the old-fashioned stock theatres, our London theatres have become the chief school for our rising actors, and remain so in spite of what theorists may tell us. And it cannot be said that they are good schools. Apart from the discomfort entailed on the audience, the pupils themselves suffer. They suffer, indeed, many things, and suffer them monotonously; for in these days of long runs, when nothing is a success till it has stood the test of time, an unfortunate novice, however naturally gifted, may find himself entering at the Right Upper Entrance, in footman's attire, saying, 'A letter, your ladyship, but the bearer will not wait,' and retiring again, whence he came, for three hundred and sixty-five nights consecutively! Here is 'practice' with a vengeance. Not that kind of practice, though, we sincerely hope, which a great actor recently spoke of, and in which he prescribed a twenty-five years' persistence if the aspirant wished to excel. If, however, this is the kind of practice he prescribed, actors in these days have more need than ever to be long-lived.—*The Saturday Review.*

NOT 'A BAD EXAMPLE.'—Mr. Robert Hoe, one of the Trustees of the Metropolitan Museum, has been interviewed by the *Times* on the question of opening the Museum on Sunday, and made only two objections to it. One was 'that the employment on Sunday of the persons necessary to care for the Museum would set a bad example, and lead to general work on that day;' and the other that it would entail additional expense and possibly cause the withdrawal of subscriptions by persons who would look on it as Sabbath-breaking. We think the Trustees, with all respect be it spoken, ought to rid themselves of the 'bad example' idea. Their example cannot possibly do either harm or good, as long as tens of thousands of men as thoughtful, conscientious, and religious as they are, do not agree with them on this matter. An example is bad when it is an example of something which all good men agree to condemn. When it is simply an expression of one way of looking at a subject which thousands of good people look at in another way, it is neither bad nor good. In fact, it is no example at all. The expense objection is valid only on the assumption that the withdrawal of subscriptions by those who dislike the Sunday opening will not be compensated by increased support from those who support it. We believe, for our part, that it will. The Museum will be worth five times as much as it is now as a civilizing agency if open on Sunday; and there are five persons willing to contribute to whatever helps to refine and elevate the mass of the people for the one who is willing to help the well-to-do to gratify their curiosity or cultivate their taste.—*New York Evening Post.*

THE DOOM OF THE THREE-VOLUME NOVEL.—The three-volume novel has survived many an attack from excluded authors and a deluded public, but now that it has received a thrust from Mr. Mudie himself, its hateful reign must be nearly over. Its influence has been almost entirely for evil, and no one who cares for the literature of his time will stretch out a hand to save it. The circulating libraries have supported it by taking from the publisher many copies at eighteen shillings of his guinea and a half book; the publishers, of course, have been well content, as they were thus sure of a large return without any special interest on the part of the public; the librarian in return made sure of many subscriptions, for hardly anybody would buy three such volumes; the lotus-eaters of literature, who read themselves to sleep and intellectual atrophy, were glad enough to get their gaudy drug every week in Mr. Mudie's little iron-bound boxes; only the author who had something to

say that would not fit the three-volume mould, or who longed to appeal to the world in a manner that was not sanctioned by the purveyors of circulating morals, and the conscientious reader who believed that what was worth reading was worth buying, have suffered. But Mr. Mudie has issued an attractive catalogue of one-volume novels, the oppressed and suppressed will take courage, and our age may leave a genuine mark on the history of fiction after all.—*The Pall Mall Gazette.*

Notes

THEODORE ROOSEVELT is about to add another to the brief list of books which includes 'The Naval War of 1812' and the more recent 'Hunting Trips of a Ranchman.' For some time past he has been at work on a History of the War with Mexico, to be published in three volumes by G. P. Putnam's Sons. The first volume will appear in about a year. Mr. Roosevelt's intention is to write impartially, and from a strictly scientific point of view.

—The 'Canterbury Pilgrimage' of Joseph and Elizabeth Robins Pennell is in its twelfth thousand in London, and is going into a cloth edition for the holidays.

—Herbert L. Satterlee, author of an able pamphlet on the 'Early Political History of New York,' recently noticed in these columns, and a regular contributor of prose and verse to *Life*, has become Senator Evarts's private secretary.

—President Cleveland alludes as follows to the important question of international copyright in his Message to Congress:—An international copyright conference was held at Berne in September, on the invitation of the Swiss Government. The envoy of the United States attended as a delegate, but refrained from committing this Government to the results, even by signing the recommendatory protocol adopted. The interesting and important subject of international copyright has been before you for several years. Action is certainly desirable to effect the object in view. And while there may be question as to the relative advantage of treating it by legislation or by specific treaty, the matured views of the Berne Conference cannot fail to aid your consideration of the subject.

—J. H. Mc. N., of Caledonia, N. Y., writes that it appears to him there has been nothing said on the subject of international copyright more pertinent and forcible than what Walter Savage Landor wrote to his friend Forster: 'No property is so entirely and purely and religiously a man's own as what comes to him immediately from God, without intervention or participation.' 'If Landor's protest should fall under the eyes of some of our legislators, perhaps it may induce them,' our correspondent thinks, 'to ponder for one moment on this: Are these authors (whose labors have placed their fellow-men in higher spheres of intelligence) worthy of the protection now given to the patentee of the latest bass-wood mop-stick? That, after all, is the simple question, paradoxical though it may seem.'

—The R. Worthington Co. has moved over from Lafayette Place to Broadway, and is now settled in a commodious store between Charles Scribner's Sons and Dodd, Mead & Co.

—Miss Murfree's serial 'Among the Clouds' will be begun in the January *Atlantic*, and in the same number there will be a story by the editor, Mr. T. B. Aldrich, called 'Two Bites at a Cherry.'

—A copy of Shenstone's 'Works in Verse and Prose' (three volumes, 1777), with Byron's autograph signature in each volume, and with four pages of his writing in vol. iii. 'eulogistic of Shenstone,' has just been sold in London. Perhaps the chief interest in the relic lies in an epigram written by Byron in one of the volumes, and thus quoted from memory in *The Athenaeum*:

I cannot understand, says Dick,
What 'tis that makes my legs so thick.
You do not understand, says Harry,
How great a calf they have to carry.

—'It is now more than forty years,' says the Boston *Transcript*, 'since the late Elizur Wright translated the fables of La Fontaine, and his version still remains the standard. George Ticknor declared, soon after Mr. Wright's version appeared, that it was the first translation of the fabulist, and its popularity has justified the verdict of his scholarship. Walter Thornbury supplied the text for the Doré edition of the fables, but Bohn still clings to the Wright version, and has recently issued it in an annotated edition. The man who was capable of translating La Fontaine, and compiling the tables for a new basis for life insurance, performing each equally well, certainly placed his versatility beyond doubt, if he did nothing more.'

—Five pounds, and not five dollars, is to be the subscription price of the third edition of the Rev. D. C. A. Agnew's 'Protestant Exiles from France.' Only fifty copies will be printed.

—J. S. of Dale contributed a short story to last week's *Independent*.

—Mr. Ruskin's autobiography, 'Præterita,' will be issued fortnightly after January 1.

—Cope Whitehouse, of this city, lectured on Lake Mæris at Oxford University on Nov. 27. The Provost of Oriel College presided, and a large and distinguished audience listened to the discoverer's remarks, which were illustrated with original maps, surveys and photographs.

—That delightful draughtsman, Randolph Caldecott, has come to America to travel and make sketches for the London *Graphic*. It is his first visit to 'the States.'

—Amongst Gen. McClellan's papers an article has been found on the withdrawal of the Army of the Potomac from the James River, the peculiar relations of the writer with Lincoln and Halleck, and the state of the Army from the time of Pope's retreat upon Washington until McClellan, on his own responsibility, took the field at the head of the troops confronting Lee. The article will be printed in an early number of *The Century*. A part of it, containing a glowing tribute to the Army of the Potomac, and written, apparently, just before the General's death, will be reproduced in *fac-simile*.

—The Bonaparte Park at Bordentown is said to have been sold for \$30,000 to Caleb N. Taylor, President of the Bristol (Pa.) Bank and owner of ten farms in Pennsylvania and New Jersey.

—Ginn & Co. announce 'Greek Inflection,' by B. F. Harding, and 'Veazie's Music Primer,' by G. A. Veazie, Jr.

—*Book Chat* is the name of a monthly announced by Brentano Bros.

—Houghton, Mifflin & Co. published last Saturday 'Old Lines in New Black and White,' being twelve charcoal sketches (on paper 15 by 21 inches), illustrating lines of Whittier, Holmes, and Lowell, by F. Hopkinson Smith; the Poetical Works of William W. Story, in two volumes ('Parchments and Portraits' and 'Monologues and Lyrics'); and Hawthorne's 'Wonder-Book,' being Nos. 17-18 of the Riverside Literature Series. To-day they publish Prof. Beers's new book of poems, 'The Thankless Muse'; 'Fiammetta,' a novel of Italian life, by W. W. Story; and a new and popular edition of 'Patroclus and Penelope,' Col. Dodge's delightful 'chat in the saddle.'

—A German translation is being made of the 'Lives of Robert and Mary Moffat.'

—A second copy of Lamb's story of 'Beauty and the Beast' has been discovered, and is to be sold by auction by Puttick & Simpson in London on the 17th inst.

—Your Andover correspondent, writes Mr. John B. Tabb, of Ellicott City, Md., 'fails to notice the scope of the letter to which he replies. I confined myself, as does Mr. Stedman, to American poets, and rated Poe by this standard alone. One needs not be a veritable giant to stand high in Lilliput.'

—To the Chicago *University* of Dec. 5 Lord Coleridge's son Gilbert contributes a paper on 'Some Traits of Charles Lamb.' In a letter to the editor, he says: 'It is of course impossible to throw any new light on the life of Lamb, but having had access to many of my ancestor's [the poet's] letters in my father's possession, and also many of Lamb's MSS., I have been able to get clear and trustworthy information about him.'

—President Sanger offered the following resolution at last Tuesday's meeting of the Board of Aldermen, and it was unanimously adopted:—

Resolved, That the Legislature of the State of New York be requested to incorporate on the most liberal and well-considered basis, a Free Public Library, which shall forever stand as a monument of the homage paid by the people to self-culture, and which shall fittingly supplement our system of public education, constituting, with our public schools and colleges, the museums of art and of science, a university worthy of the City of New York.

Resolved, That His Honor, the Mayor, and the Counsel to the Corporation be invited to co-operate with a special committee of this Board to prepare and submit to the Legislature a suitable memorial, praying for legislation in this regard; and to draft a proper act of incorporation.

—Those persons who 'extra-illustrate' books will be glad to know that Houghton, Mifflin & Co. have printed a number of steel portraits of the authors on their list, which they sell apart from the books. The latest addition to this collection is a portrait of Mr. Lowell, which is an excellent likeness and an admirable piece of steel-engraving.

—It is stated, and the statement would seem to be authorized, that the anonymous novel, 'High Lights,' was written by a daughter of Mrs. A. D. T. Whitney.

—D. C. Heath & Co. will issue about the middle of January a translation by Prof. W. H. Payne of Campayré's 'Histoire de la Pédagogie.'

—'The Song He Never Wrote' will probably be the last contribution from the pen of Mrs. Jackson ('H. H.') to appear in *The Century*. In December her seven last poems were published. The one to be given in January was received last winter.

—*The Athenæum* understands that Prof. Charles Eliot Norton's collection of hitherto unpublished letters written by Carlyle to his family and friends, will comprise a series of letters to Mr. Browning, and the very important series of letters to Goethe referred to in these columns two weeks ago.

The Free Parliament

[Communications must be accompanied with the name and address of the correspondent, not necessarily for publication. Correspondents answering or referring to any question are requested to give the number of the question for convenience of reference.]

QUESTIONS.

No. 1078.—Allow me to ask the derivation and meaning of the word 'sororals.'
NORTHAMPTON, MASS. S. T.

[The supplement to the current edition of Webster's Unabridged gives the definition 'A woman's club, an association of women,' and refers the reader to the intransitive verb 'sororize,' which is derived from the Latin *soror, sororis* (a sister), and which, used colloquially, means 'to associate or hold fellowship as sisters, to have sisterly feelings—analogue to fraternize.' In Percy Smith's 'Glossary of Terms and Phrases' the only definition given of the word is 'The fleshy consolidation of many flowers, seed-vessels, and their receptacles; as pine-apple, bread-fruit. It is there said to be derived from the Greek *σῶρος*, meaning 'a heap.']

No. 1079.—1. Please give address and price of *Good Housekeeping*.
—2. Also name and title of the Librarian of the British Museum.—3. What near relatives of Washington Irving are living, and where?
JACKSONVILLE, ILL. J. H. W.

[1. *Good Housekeeping* is published fortnightly, at \$2.50 a year, by Clark W. Bryan & Co., Holyoke, Mass.]

No. 1080.—In Rev. Edwin Paxton Hood's 'Lamps, Pitchers and Trumpets,' pp. 105-111, he refers to 'Mr. Moule,' in giving extracts from the early Christian fathers. Is this Mr. Moule an historian of the early Christian fathers? If so, is his work still extant, and where can it be obtained?
MILLERSBURG, OHIO. J. G. S.

[We suppose the reference is to Henry Moule, an English theologian and inventor, who was born at Melksham, Wiltshire, January 27, 1801, and died February 8, 1880.]

No. 1081.—Who wrote, and where can I find, a poem called 'Ostler Joe?'
NEW YORK CITY. A. B. H.

No. 1082.—Please tell me how 'Romola' should be pronounced.
BOSTON, MASS. G. W. E.
[The accent should fall on the first syllable.]

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